THE PRO

"Pilot"

written by

Alex Gregory & Peter Huyck

January 20, 2014

©2013, ABC Studios. All rights reserved. This material is the exclusive property of ABC Studios and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. Distribution to unauthorized persons or reproduction, in whole or in part, without the written consent of ABC Studios is strictly prohibited.

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - MORNING

Irrepressibly upbeat BEN BERTRAHM (white visor, Carrera shades) is driving his red 1988 Mercedes 300 SL. On the seat is the audio CD of Jack Welch's book "Winning."

JACK WELCH (V.O.)
...Winning feels great. Not good. Great. It lifts everyone it touches. It makes the world a better place...

BEN
So true.

EXT. LAT&G MEMBERS GATE - A LITTLE LATER

Smiling, Ben cruises up the long drive of the prestigious LA Tennis and Golf club -- king of the world... JAVIER, a grounds keeper trimming the hedges smiles and waves. *

BEN
Hola, Javier! Buenos dias! *

JAVIER *
Buenos dias, Mister Bertrahm! *

Ben pulls up to the gate. Amidst the bougainvillea, a sign reads: "Please be so kind as to leave your cell phone in the car." The guard, CHUCK, greets Ben. *

BEN
Drought or no drought, Chuck, I love the sunshine. Classic SoCal day. *
(noticing) *
What happened to the mustache? *

CHUCK
Had to shave it. They sent out a yellow memo about staff facial hair. *
(wistfully) *
My wife used to say I looked like a cowboy... *

BEN *
She's right. The mustache gave you such panache. I can't believe the Commodore would stand for this. *

CHUCK
It's that new wife of his. She's bad news, man.

BEN
Gigi's all right, she's just trying to fit in. She married into money, you know how that is.

Chuck holds up a yellow memo.

CHUCK
They also sent out a yellow memo about staff not using the members' entrance anymore.

BEN
WHAT?! That crazy gold-digger is totally out of control.
(sighs)
All right. I don't want to get you in trouble, buddy.

Ben puts his car in reverse.

CHUCK
Hey, man -- if I didn't see you come in the gate, it didn't happen.

With a wink, Chuck raises the gate. Ben smiles and starts to pull through the gate. Then his car dies! Starter sounds. A car pulls up behind him. Ben's out of his car, fiddling under the hood. Another car pulls and starts honking.

BEN
Not to worry -- it does this all the time!

Suddenly the gate comes down on Ben's car and his car alarm goes off, the horrible old-school cacophony with different melodies ending in a European police siren sound.

BEN (CONT'D)
Anyone have jumper cables?

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE *

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING - A LITTLE LATER

The parking lot sits at the bottom of a steep hill, the cars all Fords and Hondas. Ben grabs his huge racquet bag and looks up the hill toward the club. What a slog. *

MOMENTS LATER

Ben charges up the hill and stops by a parking spot at the top, marked HEAD TENNIS PRO. Up top, the cars are all Porsches, Bentleys, and Mercedes. *

BEN
(to himself)
You've earned it. Visualize it. Believe it. Achieve it.

His reverie is interrupted by a passing WAITER.

WAITER
Yo, Ben! They're watching your *30 for 30* in the pro shop -- that's epic!

BEN
ESPN aired that two weeks ago! It should be on the History channel!

30 FOR 30 TITLE CARD: Ben Bertrahm and Bobby Welch 'The Mother of All Meltdowns.'

TALKING HEAD: JOHN McENROE

JOHN MCENROE
It's 1992. Bertrahm and Welch are about to put doubles tennis on the map. Two working class Joes out of the Midwest, get to Ohio State on tennis scholarships, can't hack it on the singles circuit, but as a team... pretty much unbeatable...

INSERT: *Sports Illustrated* cover from the early 90's featuring a younger, mulleted Ben and his burly, brash, goateed partner Bobby Welch doing a flying chest bump. The title: "Is this the future of American tennis?"

TALKING HEAD: MARY CARILLO

MARY CARILLO
They were like a symbiotic organism: Ben, the master technician, Bobby, basically a gorilla with a racket, but the fastest serve in history. They had it all, and then... The US Open.

EXT. LOUIS ARMSTRONG STADIUM - 1990 [ARCHIVAL TV FOOTAGE]

CHYRON: 1990 US Open Men's Doubles Final

YOUNG BOBBY (hair & makeup) uncorks a serve into the net. The crowd reacts. YOUNG BEN (hair & makeup) approaches.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
That's the third double fault for Welch. Bertrahm's giving him a pep talk. They're having some words...

Ben puts his hand on Bobby's shoulder, who bats it away. Bobby flings his racquet on the ground and walks off the court. Ben tries to chase after him, but Bobby pushes him away. He grabs a bottle of water and hurls it at Ben!

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
They are getting into it! Hold on. Bobby Welch is walking off the court... he's grabbing his bag. Is he forfeiting? Welch is walking out on the US Open men's doubles final!

TALKING HEAD - BEN

BEN
I was basically an animal trainer. I had a chair and a whip, and I told Bobby where to run and where to hit... and sometimes, animals turn on you.

TALKING HEAD - BOBBY

BOBBY
Ben rode my coattails, and he rode my ass -- constantly. I just couldn't take it anymore, the yap-yap-yap. And he slept with my girlfriend. That's a major uh-uh under the Bro Code.

TALKING HEAD - BEN

BEN
Please. He had a harem. We fell in love. I married her. Turns out she was crazy. Set my car on fire. Acura NSX. Custom Blaupunkt. BBS rims.

TALKING HEAD - BOBBY

BOBBY
We haven't spoken since the US Open. But it's all good, zero bitterness. I mean, I went on to win four Wimbleton titles with other guys, and where's he? Coaching at the Y?

TALKING HEAD - BEN

BEN
I have nothing but fond memories and high hopes for him. I really hope he loses the weight. And rage. Guy's a heart attack waiting to happen.

INT. PRO SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Before business hours. It's half sports store, half lounge, with the head pro office off to the side. The *30 for 30* piece plays on the wall-mounted TV. Head engineer LEWIS MOSELY (30's African American, club bookie, very plugged in) lounges on a couch, watching with receptionist JAMIE SCHOONMAKER (20's naive stoner girl) as Ben enters to their teasing but fond applause.

LEWIS
Here he is, the Future of US tennis!

BEN
Good Lord, is this thing on a loop?

Club manager MARTIN 'GONZO' GONZALES enters (60's, treats club business with the gravitas of a Hague tribunal).

GONZALES
Staff meeting, everyone. Lewis, feet off the table, and where's the sign?

LEWIS
I'm on it, Gonz-- Mr. Gonzales.

Lewis gets up and starts installing a "Members Only" sign above a new Nespresso coffee machine.

GONZALES *
Jamie, we've discussed the nose jewelry during working hours.

JAMIE
(removing nose ring)
Sorry. I drove in straight from Coachella, didn't even go home.
(sniffs shirt)
Um, do we sell deodorant here?

GONZALES *
First announcement: summer hours are being extended through October. Due to plumbing issues, wet wipes are no longer allowed in club bathrooms. And club members have been complaining about staff using cell phones on club grounds. Stay off the phones, people.

BEN
Amen. It's not just a privacy issue for the members, it's about quality of-

SFX: Black Eyed Peas "Let's Get it Started" ringtone.

BEN (CONT'D)
(silencing phone)
I'm waiting for a call from my mechanic. That wasn't him.

JAMIE
What's with the 'Members Only' sign on the new coffee machine? The drip * machine was for everyone. *

GONZALES *
The coffee pods are expensive. In particular, the French Vanilla and Dulce de Leche.

LEWIS
And the members get off on having something us have-nots can't have. It's a club, baby -- ain't no kibbutz. *

JAMIE *
(getting way too emotional) *
That just seems mean. Why can't * people share? We have feelings. *

BEN
(pats her tenderly)
Don't worry, kiddo -- just throw some snack bar java in that eco-cup of yours. Problem solved.

LEWIS
It's not the coffee. It's you-know-who.

BEN
Chad? What did that idiot do now?
(catching himself, re: Gonzo)
Her cat. Chad. Got cat cancer. Probably through bad diet and lifestyle choices. Idiot cat.

MARTIN
Did Jamie name her cat after the employee I saw her sharing a cigarette with behind the snack bar? Do I need to remind you all about club policy on smoking and employee dating--

BEN
(changing subjects)
We've got bigger fish to fry. Our head pro's in the hospital, the September Slam Jam is almost here, and we still haven't hired a second pro.

GONZALES
That's a head pro call.

BEN
He's in a coma! Look, Martin, as a newer arrival, you may not be steeped in club lore. 1939, Hitler invades Poland. The Commodore's father decides we need something to boost morale, bring the club together--

LEWIS
--the September Slam Jam is born.

BEN
And we can't do the traditional SSJ member/pro grand finale mixed doubles match without another pro. So, just bump me up to head pro. One phone call, Aaron Krickstein can be on a plane tonight--

GONZALES *
That's a board decision. *

BEN *
I totally get it. In the meantime, *
that head pro parking space is sitting *
there empty, so--

GONZALES *
(cutting him off)
Any other business? Great. And
remember, everyone: smile.

With a forced smile, Gonzales heads out. Exasperated, Ben *
checks his watch -- he's late! He grabs his bag and exits. *

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - A LITTLE LATER

The courts are beautiful green Har-Tru, separated by wood benches. Ben hits balls to MARGOT SLOCUM (late 30's, driven, insecure) and her son NATHANIEL 'THAN' (geeky tween who worships Ben). Margot rifles a forehand long.

MARGOT
Come on, Margot! What am I doing?

BEN
You're too focused. Turn off that
billion dollar brain. Your hand knows
how to find the ball.

She hits one perfectly. Ben turns on a tennis ball cannon. *

MARGOT
You are good.

BEN *
Let's take five. Than, keep whacking
away, buddy! Just have fun with it!

Ben and Margot watch Than chase balls like two parents. Than hits the ball off the frame and out of the court.

THAN
Rrrgh! I suck!

MARGOT
Focus on the positive!

THAN
Mom, you're helicoptering.

MARGOT
Great sharing!
(to Ben)
Hey, can I ask a favor? Even though I told them I'm a semi-retired stay-at-home mom now, the TED people begged me to give a talk on Third World micro-finance and social media in Vancouver next month--

BEN
I will block out an afternoon. Don't worry, Than and I will have a blast.

MARGOT
You are a life-saver. Thank you.

THAN
Did you see that, Ben? I crushed it!

BEN
You're a sledgehammer, buddy! Now all you need to do is get it on the court!

Don Chandler, AKA THE COMMODORE (60's genial but imposing) and his second wife, GIGI (40's hot social-climbing cougar) approach. Gigi and Margot eye each other warily.

GIGI
Another lesson, Margot? Should you be spending so much time in the sun with that fair skin?

MARGOT
Just doing some mother/son bonding, Gigi. How's the IVF coming?

GIGI
So well. We found the most darling surrogate. Why risk stretch marks if one has the means? Ben, I booked your next two sessions.

BEN
Fantastic! Looking forward to it!
(sotto to the Commodore)
The gals are running me ragged. We've got to get in a new pro ASAP.

THE COMMODORE
We've got something pretty exciting in the works, should be finalized in time for The September Slam Jam. Kind of out of the box. I probably shouldn't spoil the surprise, but--

GIGI
Don, we should get going.

THE COMMODORE
(to Ben)
Crap, we've got to boogie. Wine committee crisis meeting. The Pinot crowd are at war with the Barolo faction. It's a bloodbath. M'lady.

The Commodore and Gigi take off, to Ben's frustration.

BEN
Would love a heads-up on that surprise! I'm not a surprise guy!

EXT. CLUB - SUNRISE (A FEW DAYS LATER)

Gonzales drives along a sun-dappled path in a golf cart. He stops, takes a tiny branch off the path, throws it into the bushes, gets back in his cart and resumes his journey.

INT. PRO SHOP - LATER

Staff meeting in progress. Ben reclines on the couch, wearing a visor.

GONZALES
Last order of business, I'm pleased to announce that the club has hired a new tennis pro.

BEN
Please tell me you hired a worker, not some lay-about pretty boy who looks good in a visor. Is it Krickstein? Is <u>that</u> the Commodore's big surprise?

<u>BOBBY WELCH enters the shop carrying a box of Del Taco.</u>

BOBBY
Morning in the Pro Shop! All right, all right! Had my driver swing by Del Taco on the way from the Four Seasons, snagged a Fiesta Pack.
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Dig in before the beans funk up the place. Hey, everyone. Bobby Welch.

LEWIS
Whaaaaaaat? Holy shit.

BOBBY
Big Ben. Been a while.

BEN
Hold on. He's the new guy?! This is who you hired?!! I hate surprises!

BOBBY
Good to see you too.

Bobby puts the Fiesta Pack on the counter. Awkward silence.

JAMIE
Um, Ben, I know this is an awkward moment, and I don't want to seem insensitive to your emotions, but is it OK if I grab a couple of tacos? I'm super hungry.

Ben glares at Bobby. Lewis quietly opens the Fiesta Pack and removes a couple of tacos. He hands one to Jamie.

LEWIS
Along the lines of what she said, all due respect, is there hot sauce? Never mind. I found it.

BOBBY
So... Are we good?

Bobby sticks out his hand.

GONZALES
Tennis is a gentleman's game, Ben. I assume you'll behave like one.

After a long, long beat, Ben shakes Bobby's hand.

BEN
Absolutely.

INT. EQUIPMENT SHED - MOMENTS LATER

Amid carts of practice balls, Ben smashes demo racquets.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO *

INT. CLUB MANAGER'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Gonzales sits at his desk, surrounded by service awards from * the Palo Alto Sheraton. Bobby and Ben stand before him. *

BEN
I want to be absolutely unambiguous about job title. I'm head pro and he's a pro, working under me. Because * I will not work under him. *

BOBBY
TFB! On the phone, Marty offered me * the head pro job. I asked him five times. The deal's sealed.

GONZALES *
And I replied five times that you could either work it out with Ben, or the board would decide.

BEN
Ten years of devoted service to this club! Not just coaching, I design exercise regimens, meal plans--

BOBBY
Damn, what is this on my finger -- oh that's right: it's a Wimbleton championship ring. Kaboom.

BEN
Wimbledon doesn't award bling rings. You had that monstrosity custom made.

BOBBY
What, I'm going to sport a silver cup on a chain around my neck? Think, dude. This guy, am I right, Marty?

GONZALES *
If you can't decide who's head pro by Monday, the board will. In the meantime, if either of you are unhappy working here, the door is right there.

They both stand for a beat.

BEN
I'm going to use the door, but not because I quit. There's literally no other way out of the room.

EXT. SNACK BAR - LATER

Ben waits by the order window, attended to by a young blond himbo, CHAD, whose visor is upside down and backwards. Inside the snack bar, Lewis opens a tool box - it's empty.

BEN
Grilled cheese, light on toast and butter. Iced tea no ice.

CHAD
You want mac and cheese and a coke?

BEN
Literally not one thing you just said corresponds to what I just said. Look, I really don't know what Jamie sees in you. You don't even know how to wear a visor properly.

CHAD
It's how young people wear them, bro.

BEN
Stop messing with her head, or we will mess with you. Got it, Bieber?

Lewis pulls a six pack of beer out of the fridge and puts it in his tool box, and covers it with ice.

LEWIS
And make me a turkey club. On wheat.

CHAD
Can I still come to her party?

LEWIS BEN
No! No!

CHAD (CONT'D)
Dude, now I totally forgot your order.

EXT. POOL AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Ben carries his sandwich, and spies Than sitting at a table by himself, playing with his iPhone, while nearby, some cute girls sit around a table laughing. Ben sits next to Than.

BEN
Hey Sledgehammer. Where's your mom?

THAN
On a lunch date.

BEN
Huh. Good guy? You like him?

THAN
Whatever. They never last. She's still hung up on my dad. It's only been twelve years.

BEN
Sorry, buddy. Could've been worse, though. Could've had my dad. German immigrant. Humorless, broken English. Marries Mom for a green card, makes her miserable, she bails when I'm two.

THAN
Wasn't he your tennis coach?

BEN
And hairdresser. Side parts, flat tops, mullets. When I blew out my shoulder, Klaus walked out of my life. I think he has a salon in Boca Raton. Why don't you talk to those girls?

THAN
Nah. I'm not... It's just... I don't know how to talk to girls.

BEN
Your mom said you were going to a party this weekend. That's good.

THAN
Marcy McAllister's dad's a venture capital guy. He's just sucking up to my mom. It's the only reason I'm invited.

BEN
Whatever gets you in the door, I say.

THAN
Hey, um, I saw on the 30 for 30 you dated Paula Abdul back in the day? How did you, you know, get her?

BEN
The Bath Bit, a classic move. Say you're at a party, maybe a suite in Vegas, and you could waste the whole night chatting up girl after girl. Instead, I just announce to the room: "I'm taking a bath." Clothes off, in the tub, check the watch, one one-thousand, two one-thousand, knock knock. The girl who shows up is the girl you're going to end up with anyway, you just saved yourself hours of small talk, and one of you is already naked.

THAN
You have the dopest stories. I told my mom she should go out with you.

Mortified, Ben nearly chokes on his sandwich.

BEN
Oh, Than, Than, Than. That's hilarious. So funny. Wow.
(desperate to know)
What did she say?

THAN
Oh, you know, just that--

Gonzales approaches.

GONZALES
Hey. Short-shorts. Those racquets aren't going to string themselves.

Gonzales stares Ben down. As much as he wants to know what Margot said, Ben has no choice but to go.

BEN
Catch you later, pal. On the clock.

INT. PRO SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

Margot examines a visor and hat with the club logo. Leaning on the counter, Bobby pulls a banana out of his racquet bag.

MARGOT
That's your third banana in five minutes. Don't you get a lunch break?

Bobby polishes off the banana in three bites.

BOBBY
I have to eat constantly to keep my blood sugar up or I get hangry.
(off her look)
So hungry I'm angry.

MARGOT
I promised Jeff Bezos I'd bring him something. Visor or hat?

OUTSIDE THE SHOP

Through the window, Ben sees Margot put the hat on Bobby as he 'models' it for her and flirts. Than watches, annoyed.

INSIDE THE SHOP

BOBBY
Here's the thing. Visors are for two types of people: ladies and turds.

THAN
Ben wears visors.

BOBBY
Ex-actly.

Ben enters, a head full of steam.

BEN
Muskrat.

BOBBY
You gotta be kidding me.

BEN
Margot, you booked <u>him</u>?
(sotto to Bobby)
Muskrat!

MARGOT
I'm sorry, you were booked up with Gigi. What does muskrat mean?

BOBBY
Nothing. Excuse us for a moment.

INT. HEAD PRO OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Bobby enter. The room is filled with tennis memorabilia, and pictures of the head pro, SKIP, with various dignitaries and celebrities (Pete Sampras to Quincy Jones).

BEN
All of a sudden you're a fashionista? Mr. Pleated Jeans? I'm calling Muskrat on Margot Slocum.

BOBBY
See, I remember calling Muskrat on a certain Air France stewardess that a certain former best friend boned, married and divorced in the space of three months! Muskrat my ass!!

BEN
Margot lost her husband in a heli-skiing avalanche when she was pregnant with Than. His body was never found. She's a kind, decent person, who is very, very vulnerable. She's off-limits. Muskrat. Understood?

BOBBY
(dawning)
Oh stop. You're actually into her? Please don't tell me you're that naive. You think you've got a shot with a one-percenter like Margot Slocum, just because you won the cheekbone lottery?! Don't you get it? You're the help, stupid!

Ben gets up in Bobby's face.

BEN
Why are you even here, in my house, eating from my dog bowl? You've got piles of money!

BOBBY
Can't sit around all day counting it. I need to be active, get me some sun and fun. Place to chill. High class ass to chase. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a lesson with Margot. Gonna work on her grip and stroke.

Bobby exits.

EXT. THE CROW'S NEST BAR & GRILLE - NIGHT

The club is shut down and empty. Lights turn on inside.

LEWIS (O.C.)
I've got a question...

INT. THE CROW'S NEST BAR & GRILLE

Lewis holds up a seafood platter of lobster and shrimp. The room is heavy with cigar smoke, and hip-hop music plays.

LEWIS
Lobster or shrimp?!

It's an after-hours party for Jamie. Employees are gathered in the members-only bar, an oak-paneled room with a vintage bar, brass bar stools and wooden tables surrounded by cozy leather chairs. Ben and Jamie sit at a table, she wears a birthday hat. Javier and Chuck sit at the bar, smoking cigars. Other blue-collar ethnic workers fill out the room.

MOMENTS LATER

Lewis pours Chuck and Javier scotch.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Early Christmas bonus!!

CHUCK
Johnnie Walker Blue?! You crazy bastard! Aren't you worried?

LEWIS
Well, Chuck, because of things I've seen, things I've seen people do. Let's just say I got asbestos underpants. I am fire-proof.

They all laugh appreciatively. Jamie is tipsy.

JAMIE
Underpants... Chad isn't coming right? I do not want him here. I should text him to make sure he knows.

BEN
Don't worry about him anymore. I had a long talk with him while he made my sandwich, and here's the problem: Chad is struggling with his sexuality. He'd never tell you. It's a guy thing. So, give him space. Lots.

JAMIE
Oh my God. That totally explains why he kept jumping from girl to girl, could never get close to anyone. I feel so much better now...

Ben pulls out a gift bag with a bow on it.

BEN
Happy birthday, by the way.

Jamie pulls out sleeves of coffee pods.

JAMIE
Oh, my God. That is so sweet of you!

BEN
Stole them from the golf pro shop just for you, kiddo.

She hugs him.

JAMIE
You're the best.
(then)
What's going on with Bobby?

LEWIS
Yeah, man, we've got to do something. Our way of life, this thing of ours, depends on trust and discretion. We can't have people coming in with vendettas. We need... *omerta*.

BEN
This thing of ours?! Who are you, John Gotti? My hands are tied, guys.

CHUCK
I wouldn't leave the head pro decision up to the board. You know how these people are about titles and awards. Wimbledon's a hard hand to beat.

BEN
You're right. I have to nip this in the bud. I have to outsmart him, get him to put it on the line before Friday. I have to set a gorilla trap.

LEWIS
What's the bait? What's his weakness?

BEN
Food, women, booze, money, porn, for a while cocaine, poppers, gambling...
(lightbulb)
That's it. Bobby never met a sucker bet he didn't take. The September Slam Jam. He's totally let himself go, he can't keep up. He'll melt down like Chris Christie in a triathlon.

LEWIS
I like seeing this side of you, man. You seem all clean cut, but you're a polo shirt-wearing, collar-popping, grilled cheese-eating gangsta.

They are all startled by a popping sound, which is revealed to be a boozy Javier holding a bottle of champagne.

JAVIER
Dom Perignon *por todos!!*

BEN
(sotto)
We better call Javier a cab.

EXT. COURTS - THE NEXT DAY

Bobby barks at Gigi while she runs the lines on the court. He's eating a banana.

BOBBY
No heels! Balls of your feet!

GIGI
I think I'm going to vomit.

BOBBY
You gotta boot, boot, but you're finishing your sprints.

Ben, Margot, and Than arrive and watch Gigi run.

BEN
While they're wrapping up, you start stretching.

Ben pulls a device from his huge racket bag.

MARGOT
What is that?

BEN
BackBallz prototype, patent pending? *
(off Margot's blank stare)
I sent you the Kickstarter link?

MARGOT
Oh, BackBallz! The roll-y thing with two tennis balls in a sock--

As Gigi packs up her stuff, Margot gets down on the ground and starts to roll on top of his device. *

BEN
--moisture-wicking Neoprene sleeve. Exactly. Two minutes of torquing the thoracic vertebrae, T-6 to T-9, no back pain, no meds, no expensive chiropractor bills. Billion dollar idea. Ground floor's still open. *

THAN
Whoa... You should go on *Shark Tank*!

MARGOT
Feels great. But can't people just put two tennis balls in a sock? *

BEN
It would seem that way, but--

Bobby and Gigi approach on their way out. *

BOBBY
You tried to patent the old balls in a sock trick? That's hilarious! Wait, wait, Gigi, I have a great idea: it's this thing for eating soup, it's like a fork, but no gaps. I call it a spoon! We're going to be rich!

GIGI
I already am! See you on the court, Margot. Good luck with the alternative medicine, Ben.

Ben pulls Bobby aside. *

BEN *
You call that coaching? I've seen * grade school gym teachers with better * fitness plans. *

BOBBY
It just burns you up that I didn't need you. You were nothing without me, and you're still nothing.

BEN
Tell you what, The September Slam Jam is tomorrow--

BOBBY
I have no idea what that is, but I will dominate it like a Viking.

BEN
There's a mixed doubles match. You and Gigi versus me and Margot, winner is the new head pro, with all the perks: the office, the sweet parking space. Loser sweeps the courts.

Bobby looks at Margot on the ground, looking like she's got a bad back. He looks at Ben and sticks out his hand.

BOBBY
You're on, sucker. My first order of business as head pro: banning visors. Suck on <u>that</u>. September Slam Jam! It's on.

EXT. COURTS - THE NEXT DAY

-- Nets being tightened, lines swept, a trophy placed on a table by center court. Lots of ladies in tennis whites.

-- A small crowd gathering in the stands, cocktails in hand.

LATER... THE FINAL MATCH.

The Commodore addresses the crowd on a portable P/A.

THE COMMODORE
As a tennis geek, I'm just thrilled that we have one of the all-time great doubles teams working at LAT&G. So this September Slam Jam mixed doubles finale is going to be something special. Wish my father could be here to see this...
(getting choked up)
The September Slam Jam stirs up a lot of emotion. Here come the tears.

LATER *

-- Ben and Margot and Bobby and Gigi take the courts.

-- Bobby uncorks a monster serve. Ben smashes the return right past him: it's really on.

-- Margot barely gets a racket on the next return, Bobby pushes Gigi out of the way to crush an overhead. Winner! *

MOMENTS LATER *

The foursome walks off the court. Ben, suddenly concerned, * shoots a look at Lewis and Jamie, who are watching courtside. *

BOBBY
That's two games to none!
(makes zero gesture)
Gigi, are you smelling bagels?

As they change sides, Jamie approaches Bobby. *

JAMIE *
You're amazing out there. Is it true *
you met the queen at Wimbledon? *

BOBBY *
Yeah. Cool chick. Freakishly short. *
Off the record, I think she's a dwarf. *

While Jamie distracts Bobby, Lewis sidles close to Bobby's * bag -- only to see Gonzales watching him. *

LEWIS *
I think I saw one of the club guests *
wearing jeans in the Crow's Nest. *

GONZALES *
Good Lord, not again.

Gonzales takes off. Lewis moves toward Bobby's bag. *

MOMENTS LATER

On the courts, Bobby serves an ace!

THE COMMODORE
Game, Gigi and Bobby!

As they walk off, Lewis hands Ben Bobby's bag of bananas. * Ben, Lewis and Jamie share a conspiratorial smile. *

Across the court, Bobby reaches in his bag for a banana -- they've vanished!! Bobby glares at Ben, who eats one of his bananas with a huge grin.

BOBBY
Son of a bitch.

GIGI
Are you all right?

BOBBY
I'm fine. It's nothing. I'm fine!

MOMENTS LATER

Margot smokes a return past Gigi.

BEN
That's how you do it, partner!

BOBBY
Jesus, Gigi! You're killing me here! Move your feet, MOVE YOUR FEET!

MOMENTS LATER

Gigi double faults. Bobby, blood sugar dropping, loses his patience. He drops his racket and stares at Gigi, furious. *

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Time! Gigi! DO YOU WANT TO WIN? IF YOU WANT TO LOSE, I'LL WALK AWAY RIGHT NOW, JUST SAY THE WORD. ARE YOU A WINNER OR A LOSER?! SAY IT!!!

GIGI
I'm a winner. A WINNER!

BOBBY
Then give me the ball and stay out of my way, lady! I'm bringing this home.

GIGI
(whispers)
You're getting me so fucking horny.

Bobby looks taken aback.

SLOW MOTION: Bobby uncorks a monster serve, and the camera TRACKS it straight into the back of Gigi's head!

A LITTLE LATER

Gigi holds an ice pack on her head -- she's attended to by the club MEDIC, as the crowd looks on anxiously.

MEDIC
It's just a bump, Mrs. Chandler. Take some ibuprofen and relax.

THE COMMODORE
Okay, folks, looks like Ben and Margot win. By default. To the Crow's Nest for drinks! Come on, Butter Cup.

The Commodore helps Gigi to her feet and they walk off.

MARGOT
Well, it's not the way I like to win, but it's a win. Nice game, partner.
(hugs him)
Celebratory drink at the Crow's Nest?

BEN
Go on ahead. I'll catch up.

Bobby approaches. As people file out, just Ben, Bobby, and Lewis are left on the court.

BOBBY
Classic Ben Bertrahm, all mind games and sabotage. Well, you may be the big winner in this little game in this little world, but I won at <u>life</u>. I don't need this gig. I've got money, real estate, luxury cars, jet skis. You got a jet ski? I doubt it. So, A) I quit. B) You're still a loser. Enjoy your reign as King of the Pro Shop. Your visor is a crown of turds.

BEN
Tell me something. When you ride the jet ski, do you need a periscope?

Bobby gives him the finger as he leaves.

LEWIS
Naaaaice! You are the chess-master. Played that fool like Bobby Fischer without the anti-Semitic rants. We should celebrate. Nothing tastes better than ice-cold stolen beer and leftover shrimp...

BEN
Just let me savor the moment. *
(Black Eyed Peas ringtone) *
Hey, what's up! How's the fiesta? *

INTERCUT WITH: *

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS *

Than sits naked in the tub of a mansion's bathroom. *

THAN *
Not great. I pulled the bath bit, *
been naked in the tub for an hour and *
no one's showed. I'm getting pruney. *

BEN *
What?! Get your clothes on! You *
can't pull the Bath Bit at age twelve! *
That's a post-collegiate move! *

THAN *
Wait. Someone's at the door. Marcy? *

A MAID (50's Guatemalan) slowly opens the door. *

MAID *
I'm sorry, the party's over. Everyone *
gone. Time to go home. *

THAN *
It's the maid. *

BEN *
Is she hot? Never mind! Get out of *
there!! *

Ben hangs up. *

LEWIS *
What's going on? *

BEN
I think I'm about to get fired. *

END OF ACT TWO

*

ACT THREE

INT. PRO SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

TV SCREEN: 30 for 30. Photo montage of Ben and Bobby's glory years: holding trophies, laughing, high-fiving.

JOHN MCENROE (V.O.)
The only partners I've ever seen more in sync are the Bryan twins. Bobby and Ben loved each other like brothers. It made their collapse all the more tragic.

Reveal Ben lying on the couch, in misery. *

BEN
Can someone change the channel please? Anyone? I'll even watch golf! *
Where's the damn remote? *

Jamie enters with an armful of T-shirts on hangers.

JAMIE
What's the point of even having a * remote? It's always on sports. And I * may have lost it. *

Lewis enters with Bobby's tennis bag. *

LEWIS *
Bobby left this on the court. Should * I chuck it? He's probably got dozens. *

Ben sighs and gets up, taking the bag. *

BEN
Nah. I'll drop it off at the Four * Seasons on the way home. For old * time's sake. *
(to Jamie)
Cancel my afternoon sessions, and tell Martin we need to start looking for a new pro. Or two. Lewis, do some * digging on Than's bare-assed * adventure. See what the fallout is, * if it can be contained, if the maid * needs bribing. God, I'm screwed. *

LEWIS
I'm on it. You going to rub it in * Bobby's face at least a little?

BEN
Only to make me feel better. *

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - LATER

Ben pulls up, bounds from the car and tosses the huge key ring to the valet, hitting him in the face. *

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Ben, carrying Bobby's bag, approaches the FRONT DESK WOMAN. *

BEN
Here to see a guest. Bobby Welch.
Not sure which room.

FRONT DESK WOMAN
Bobby Welch... Sorry, we don't have
any guest by that name.

BEN
Sometimes he goes by Tug McScrote.

FRONT DESK WOMAN
I don't think so.

BEN
Stroke Johnson? Dick Gashbash?
Thoosh McFingers?
(off her look)
We're professional tennis players. We
used pseudonyms at hotels, and he has
a very immature sense of humor. Try
Chick Liquor. L-I-Q-

FRONT DESK WOMAN
Sir, I'm going to ask you to leave.

BEN
Please. I'm serious. This is an
urgent personal matter. I implore
you. Check one more: Harry Balzac.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - LATER

Security escorts Ben out as he talks on his phone.

BEN *
(into phone)
Lewis, can you ask the payroll lady
where Bobby's checks are going?

EXT. BANANA BOAT YOUTH HOSTEL - LATER

Ben's car pulls up. He looks at the place: WTF?

INT. BANANA BOAT YOUTH HOSTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby lies on a bunk bed, reading Us Weekly while two young GERMANS hook up on the squeaky bed above. Ben enters.

BOBBY
Hey, Gunther, I'm trying to read here. Either finish up or switch positions!
(noticing Ben)
What the hell are you doing here?

BEN
No. What the hell are you doing here? What about the Four Seasons?

BOBBY
Okay, so... I lied. I'm broke. When The Commodore called me, I was drunk on my lawn, watching repo guys haul away my life. He saw the *30 for 30*, thought it would be a gas to get us back together, but the truth is, I need a job. Bad. I only asked Martin for the head pro slot so you couldn't fire me. I wasn't trying to run you out of town.

BEN
I don't understand. You crushed the pro circuit. How did this happen?

BOBBY
Three divorces, a lawsuit, Kevin Bacon talked me into investing all of my money with Bernie Fucking Madoff.
(fighting emotion)
I sold my Wimbleton cups. That's why I had the ring made. Piece of crap.

BEN
I had no idea. So, I ended up with more money than you? That's... wild.

BOBBY
Congratulations, you're the big winner. Rub it in, I deserve it.

Ben hands Bobby his bag and sits on the bed next to him.

BEN
You probably do. Look, it'd be easy to blame you for everything that went wrong in my life after our split, but... really... I did it all to myself. I was jealous of your talent. My insecurities took over. Sorry about Cecile. Really, I am. I was a bad friend.

BOBBY
And she was batshit crazy. Truth be told, my life kind of spun out of control after we split. I kept winning, but without you riding my ass, I kinda lost my mind.

Ben stares at Bobby for a beat. Something in him changes.

BEN
Hey. No one saw you quit. Keep the job. It's a good gig. Hell, I may be gone. Everything's up in the air. *

BOBBY
You think we can live with each other?

BEN
Hell no. But I hope we can work together again. *

Ben stands and holds out his hand. Bobby takes it, and Ben lifts him up. The moment is broken by the sounds of <u>spring-squeaking Teutonic lovemaking</u> above. *

BEN (CONT'D)
How long has this been going on?

BOBBY
Two hours. Guy's gotta be sore.

BEN
Get your stuff. You can crash with me. You'll dig my pad. I bought Mel Gibson's trailer from Lethal Weapon.

BOBBY
I thought I made bad investments.
(grabbing his stuff)
Full disclosure: <u>I</u> torched your Acura.

Ben looks at him for a beat, then <u>laughs</u> as they walk out. *

INT. HALLWAY - LATER *

Lewis, eavesdropping at a door, sees Ben and Bobby approaching. *

LEWIS *
What the hell? *

BEN *
He's cool, turns out he's one of us. *

BOBBY *
I'm broke, divorced, and living at a youth hostel. And I'm a teeeeny bit drunk. *

BEN *
I'll vouch for him. If I still have a job myself. What do you hear? *

LEWIS *
Radio silence on Than. Right now, you could be getting fired or promoted in there, no way to know. My modus operandi when dealing with rich folk? Bluff. Act unafraid and equally entitled. Works for me. *

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER *

A board meeting is in progress, with The Commodore, Gonzales, Gigi, Margot and some other members presiding. Gonzales is displaying disposable attachable wine glass coaster samples. *

GONZALES *
This is another way to go, 100% biodegradeable, cut to look like a lace doily. My personal favorite.

GIGI
Superlative work, as always, Martin.

As Gonzales smiles proudly, Ben and Bobby burst in. *

BEN
Please excuse the interruption, but we have an important announcement...
(Black Eye Peas ringtone)
Sorry. Waiting for a call from my mechanic. And my patent attorney.

BOBBY
We want to be co-head pros!

BEN
We think we'd work better as a team. We can share the office, take turns on the parking space--

THE COMMODORE
Here's the thing, guys. The club's never had co-head pros. There's always been a chain of command. I mean, what's the point of both being head pros if there's no one under you?

BEN
We don't care about titles. Equals or nothing.

BOBBY
Let's take a vote. How many people are fine with us being co-head pros?

Half the board members vote yes.

BEN
How many opposed?

Half vote no. There's one vote left...

BEN (CONT'D)
Margot. You're the tie-breaker.

Ben looks at Margot nervously... then she smiles at him.

MARGOT
Whatever Ben wants. Aye.

Ben and Bobby high-five. Relieved, Ben mouths "Thank you" to Margot.

THE COMMODORE
Co-head pros it is.

As they exit, Bobby turns to Gigi.

BOBBY
Sorry about the beanball.

GIGI
Don't worry about it. I very much look forward to playing with you.

Bobby cringes -- Gigi's more turned on than ever.

EXT. SNACK BAR - LATER

Ben and Margot watch Than with the table full of girls. They're all joking around and laughing. Than sees Ben and gives him a wave. Ben gives him a sly thumbs-up.

MARGOT
I don't know what advice you gave him, but suddenly he's a hit with all the girls. They all think he's hilarious, and they all want him at their parties. Something about Paula Abdul, and some sort of 'move'? He wouldn't tell me. Is it a dance move?

BEN
Oh, it's some move all right.

Margot looks at Ben with newfound admiration. She smiles and walks off. Ben takes in the club and breathes.

BEN (CONT'D)
God, I love this place.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING - THE NEXT DAY

Ben trudges up the hill, passes the head pro parking space, and gazes at it for a wistful beat. Then Bobby sputters up the hill on a dilapidated second-hand scooter and screeches into the space. Ben is aghast.

BEN
You have got to be kidding.

INT. PRO SHOP - AT THE SAME TIME *

Lewis watches Jamie hand-letter a sign on a clear glass vat of sun tea which reads: “FOR EVERYONE.” Than sits in a * lounge chair, reading a comic book.

LEWIS
That’s an unsustainable economic *
model. *

JAMIE
Whatever. I’m off coffee. *

Ben and Bobby enter, squabbling.

BEN
It’s the principle of it all! You don’t need a parking space!
(to Than)
Start stretching, kiddo. On the court in five.

THAN
See you out there!

They enter the head pro office, now with two desks facing each other, slamming the door.

BOBBY (O.C.)
It’s too big for a bike rack!

BEN (O.C.)
A bicycle would be faster!

EXT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

As we pull back out of the pro shop and up and over the club grounds, we hear Ben’s car alarm go off.

FADE OUT